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Maryknoll

CHRIST'S

GREAT

COMMAND

See story p. 63

1057





FIRST BLESSING of newly-consecrated Bishop Charles A. Brown is for his mother, while Cardinal Spellman and his brother, Msgr. Robert Brown, watch. Bishop Brown is a Maryknoller in Bolivia.



RICKERT

Couples today get married in church; couples of an older generation couldn't.

Making the Circle

■ DOWN the jeep went, around hair-pin turns with sheer drop-offs on one side and not enough room for another car to pass on the other. After one particularly bad section, Father Rickert pointed to a place where there used to be a sign: "Resume Breathing."

We four language students — Fathers Don Haren, Bill Price, Tom Fox and Jim LaCoste — had left Huehuetenango to visit places where Maryknollers are stationed in Guatemala. The last mile or two before we got to Soloma, Father Rickert's parish, was a real jeep road. Any other vehicle couldn't make the

Four tyro missionaries see how it is done in Guatemala.

BY JAMES P. LACOSTE, M.M.

grades or go through the muddy sections. The Government has two bulldozers and an earth mover up in these parts, trying to build a new road. So far, a bulldozer got stuck in the river and the earth mover fell over the side of a mountain. A couple of weeks were spent making a road down to the earth mover

to get it back up where it belongs.

We spent Saturday night and Sunday with Father Rickert in Soloma, helping out a little with the nightly rosary and confessions.

The women of Soloma wear a long white outer garment that completely covers them almost like a tent. Around the neck there is usually some sort of embroidery. That white garment, which at first seems outlandish, is in reality a very practical piece of clothing. Soloma is one of our cooler missions and this outer garment means extra warmth for the woman and the baby strapped to her back. The men's distinctive outer garment resembles a slip-over mackinaw made of a dark brown or black wool.

We left Soloma on horseback. After about an hour and a half of riding we came to the top of a mountain and could see off in the distance ahead of us (it was one of the rare days when it is clear up in this section) the pueblo of Santa Eulalia where Father Joe Halpin is pastor.

Santa Eulalia was a beehive of activity. There must have been a half dozen carpenters working on windows and doors for a new chapel in one of Father Halpin's *aldeas*. (An *aldea* is a small village or group of houses numbering anywhere from 50 to 300.)

Our evening in Santa Eulalia was a gala occasion. Father Halpin gives a little party for his parishioners each year. He is trying to teach them that they can have a good time without having to get drunk.

Santa Eulalia, by the way, is one of the few towns in our area where marimbas are built.

The marimba is part of every fiesta and dance. Unfortunately, the people have associated the music with drinking *aguardiente* (local brandy). There was a marimba for the party but drinking was not allowed.

At eight o'clock people began arriving. Two Maryknoll Sisters had taught the people square dancing. There was a skit put on by the schoolboys, first in Spanish then in the Indian dialect because most of the people do not know Spanish. There were also some games, such as pinning a tail on a donkey and ducking for apples. The party really accomplished its purpose.

We left early next morning after Mass and breakfast, to visit the pueblo of San Miguel where Father Jim Curtin is pastor. It is about a five-hour ride southwest of Santa Eulalia, and we weren't setting any new speed records on our trip. By this time we were beginning to realize that the horse isn't the only one that gets saddle-sores.

When we finally arrived in San



OUR GUATEMALAN TRIP

Miguel, after going most of the way in a heavy mist, we discovered that Father Curtin was not home. His cook and sacristan were there and we received wonderful hospitality from them. There also a group of men were working on beams for a new church roof. The old straw roof had seen its day.

Early the next morning we left on fresh horses from San Miguel. Each place we visited, the priest supplied us with horses and a guide. The guide is a must. In the mountains all sorts of trails criss-cross one another — each looks as much like the main trail as the other. Somehow our guides managed to distinguish the right trails.

We crossed the river, started up a mountain and found ourselves in a cloud. One thing of interest that we did have in this stretch of the trip that we hadn't had since Soloma was a good road.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, the sky began to clear. We rode around a bend in the trail and suddenly we could see the pueblo of Jacaltenango ahead of us. It sits on a plateau in what appeared at first to be an immense crater. The sides of the mountains are all corn fields, and that corn was actually as high as an elephant's eye. We still had two more hours to ride before we got to the pueblo.

Father Al Reymann is the pastor

of Jacaltenango and Fathers Jim Scanlon and Al Esselborn are his assistants. We met Father Scanlon on the trail as we were coming in. He was on his way to visit some *aldeas* and would return in two days.

Father Reymann was sick in bed when we arrived but he managed to get up and show us some fine hospitality. During our three-day stay in Jacaltenango we got a good look at the pueblo. One evening Father Reymann took us to visit his catechists who teach small groups of children each night in different parts of the pueblo.

Jacaltenango's school is staffed by Dominican Sisters from Salvador. Father Reymann took us through the school showing us his plans and the work that is being done to enlarge it for bigger classes this year.

Two hours from Jacaltenango is the pueblo of San Antonio Huista where Father Jack Breen is stationed. He has one of the prettiest places that we saw although its church is too small. His church has a new altar.

It seemed to us that building projects are necessary in each of the missions. Either what was there previously was in need of repair, or there wasn't any building there before. The hope of most of the men is to get schools started as soon as possible; but in many pueblos this is something far in the future. So far, there are four Catholic grammar schools in our territory.

We asked Father Breen what he thought of our going on south to San Pedro Necta from San Antonio.

He said that it would be a long trip but that we could make it. In traveling that way we would be able to see San Pedro and be headed back to Huehuetenango.

We left San Antonio Huista on Sunday morning. That day we went up some of the steepest mountains that we had seen so far. In one place it got so bad that the horses wouldn't go farther. So we had to get off and walk them up to the top. We hadn't realized how much the horses were saving us until we began walking up one of those trails on foot.

We were coming down the last mountain before San Pedro as it was beginning to get dark, so we were really pushing the horses. Father Ed McClear and Father John Lenahan were waiting for us when we arrived. The trip to San Pedro from San Antonio had taken about seven hours and we were glad to see it come to an end. We spent two days in San Pedro. Father McClear showed slides each night, at the same time teaching the doctrine. Slides shows really draw crowds.

Shortly before coming to Colotenango we were in orange growing country. We stopped at a house and bought enough oranges to tide us over till lunch.

Our last stop was the pueblo of Colotenango where Father Rudy Kneuer is stationed. It is just off the Pan American Highway, between San Pedro and Huehuetenango. Father Kneuer was home and put us up for the night. We caught the morning bus for Huehuetenango and arrived about two hours late for our 8:30 class in Spanish. ■■

THREAD-AND-NEEDLE CONVERTS

BY LEOPOLD H. TIBESAR, M.M.



They had all the skill in the world; what they needed was the right idea to sell their product. A missioner gave it to them.

■ IT WAS the year 1947 — just ten years ago. A priest friend sent three men to me, most persistent men. They were from Kyoto. They had a collection of samples of silk cloth that they wished to show me.

The men were weavers who had no future. They had been weaving *obi* (sashes) and sword covers during the war, to keep alive both personally and professionally. They had managed to save their samples and not much else.

These experts in their field had come to ask a greenhorn for an idea on how to save their art of making hand-woven silk. A notch in the fingernail of the index finger acts as a shuttle in this kind of weaving. The cloth is woven from top to bottom in one piece — something that calls to mind the seamless cloak of Christ.

I had an idea; it had been almost an obsession for many years. I longed to come into possession of the loveliest set of vestments in the world — a set made of hand-woven "*Nishijin Orimono*." This seemed to be the moment I had been longing for. So I gave the men this idea — to create the most beautiful vestment material in the world.

It was a silly idea, almost impossible of realization, and it was accepted because none of us was a businessman. They were artists and an admiral. I was a Catholic priest. We had in our favor an almost-total absence of silk in many countries

of the world and the fact that the Catholic Church required its vestments to be made of silk. The Church was then using substitutes.

My role was one of counsel only; my compensation, one set of vestments. This being understood, we would start in a small way. We would create no debts. We would create new patterns and designs, copy nothing from Europe or America. We would show our designs and take orders, and so begin. Ninety per cent of the Catholic world would be our market. Japan is the home of silk. Its weavers are second to none in the world. We had to succeed in order to save an art and in order to sell Japan's silk.

Somehow or other, the right people heard about our idea and liked it. What was better, they offered to help. Here and there an Army chaplain gave us an order for vestments. The Japanese hierarchy helped us most at this moment. They bought some of our goods.

Pope Pius XII was celebrating his Golden Jubilee as a priest. The hierarchy wanted to send him a present made in Japan. There wasn't much made in Japan in those days. So we were asked to make something worthy. We were frightened by the request but our weavers turned out a set of gold vestments. After one look at them Archbishop Doi said, "They are better than I expected."

One of the bishops presented



KUECHMANN

While their elders are busy at looms, these youngsters study catechism.

them to the Pope. And that was our first triumph. The Pope didn't refuse them. He was interested perhaps in their lightness and flexibility. All other gold vestments are usually heavy and stiff.

Thank God, the bishops of Japan gave us further orders from time to time. We made a cope for Cardinal Spellman. We made another for Cardinal Gilroy of Australia. We made a superlative chasuble for Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi in Rome. We made other things to be presented to the Pope. We were starting from the top — a dangerous experience. At any rate, we were doing our best, and the bishops of Japan continued to trust us with new orders for vestments. A few pastors did so too.

One of our earliest and best friends was Maurice Lavanoux, editor of *Liturgical Arts* in New York. He liked our weaving and said so in his magazine.

Other people became interested in us through Mr. Lavanoux. Father Gainer, an American Trappist, was a wonderful friend who would have helped us greatly. His sudden death in early manhood was a great shock to us and a tremendous loss to our movement when we needed him most. He was on the point of giving us our first large order for vestment material before he died in sleep.

Two other great friends are a Sister in New Jersey and a Sister in California. One of these even desires to become our sole representative in America. They have

our vestments in their convents. They have placed sets on exhibition at various important places in America.

In 1954 they helped greatly to remove our most serious sales handicap in America. They helped to have the American Congress pass a bill which in February 1956 removed all duty on shipments to the United States.

Our material now enters America under the title of "textile of artistic worth, not otherwise duplicable in America." Formerly we had to send much of it under the title of "regalia." This had to be addressed to religious corporations only. That meant that we had to have the cloth made into vestments in order to qualify for a reduction in customs duty. It has never been our purpose to sell vestments themselves but only vestment material.

Our little group of vestment-material makers calls itself Goten Company. Our purpose is long-term. We still intend to manufacture the world's finest vestment material. We still intend to sell Japanese silk to all the world, if they'll allow us to. We still have a long way to go but we feel that the little Company has covered a considerable distance.

I used to tell our weavers, "If in ten years we begin to turn out something really good I shall be satisfied."

This year for the first time we have advertised in the Catholic *Shimbun* of Tokyo. We shall use other media for advertising in Catholic Japan. We believe we have something that missionaries will

be glad to use in the many new churches and convents in Japan, not only for vestments but for dorsals and other purposes as well. If they suggest what they want, we shall make it for them.

Some people have told me in the past, "Your weavers can't make good vestment cloth unless they are good Catholics." That seemed to be all but unanswerable. I had to tell them, "But I am doing the best I know how in order to make them Catholics, so don't disqualify our product on that excuse."

Lately I have discovered that our artisans here have come very near to the Catholic Church. Their children are happy to attend our Catholic schools in Kyoto. Their parents are happy to have them there.

Friends in America might say a prayer for our weavers, especially the Admiral. He has been sort of spiritual director at the Japanese Naval Academy. He's an old man now, and a human embodiment of the Japanese spirit, a real Japanese. I leave it to your imagination to estimate his worth to the Church were he to become a Catholic. He must at least be a great financier to have seen us through the perils of our first ten years.

We still have some debts but we are alive. Our sales are increasing everywhere. Goten Company is at least entitled to be considered the oldest exclusive Catholic vestment-material maker in Japan. Yes, we are ten years old, and looking forward to becoming hundreds more and Catholics as well.

Maybe I have chosen a difficult road to convert-making. ■■



THREE LITTLE GIRLS -- Father Henry J. Madigan, of Melrose, N.Y., sent us this picture of himself and three youngsters whom he recently baptized on Formosa. We hope you'll enjoy it as we did.



MISSION AT THE BACK DOOR

Hawaii is like a happy cafeteria:
something doing every minute.

BY JOSEPH W. MATHEIS, M.M.

baptisms, a bit of island sunshine and salt water spray have advantages over China's West River.

Six afternoons a week there is catechism instructions for Catholic children attending fourteen public schools in the parish. The Fathers split up the teaching duties with help from lay catechists.

One afternoon a lay teacher held up a picture of the Holy Family. "Who are these people?" she asked.

An anxious lad shot up his hand and simultaneously blurted out in his best pidgin English, "That's the *haole* Family."

Haole, of course, in the Hawaiian language (what is left of it), means a person whose racial descent is not from one of the five major races that constitute the bulk of the population of the Islands.

Father Martin Burke, Hawaii superior, gets a flowery welcome.

■ "ALOHA!" from the land of never-never. This is the paradise where some people of their own free will come to retire, some to vacation, some to recuperate.

Sacred Heart Parish, our place of business, is located in the thriving metropolis of Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. Incidentally, I read somewhere that Honolulu is the biggest city in the world. Its boundaries extend over 540,000 square miles, most of which area is Pacific Ocean. Its administration reaches as far as Midway Island, 1,149 miles west; and Palmyra, 960 miles south.

Sacred Heart Parish is one of those places where the term "parish work" is not opposed to the term "mission work." When I have preached at eight of the ten Sunday Masses and finished fourteen

"*Haole*" sounded enough like "holy," and was incongruous enough to cause a mild uproar.

This *haole* Father happened to be in the back of the room at the time, and a pious thought entered his mind. Maybe the lad was not so wrong! To many Hawaiians, Japanese, Filipinos, Chinese, and Portuguese here, Christ is pretty much of a *haole*, whose name and Truth have been kicked around so much over here that He does not belong to any one of those races as He should. Just a thought.

There is no place in the world as wonderful as a happy cafeteria Life in Hawaii, at times, approaches a spirit found only in Nedicks. The humans eat bacon and eggs, or poi and raw fish if you are particularly adaptive; the termites eat the rectory; the spiders eat the termites; and the spiders in turn succumb to the friendly lizard scampering over ceiling and walls. Exterminate them all you say? What? And destroy the lovely balance of nature!

This is Hawaii. No safaris into

the bush, no grueling equestrian stints into towering mountains, no paddling down winding alligator-infested rivers, no walking along endless miles of rice fields. Nevertheless I just finished two laborious hours with a small group of tribesmen who are very much in the air but nonetheless sincere about being Knights of the Altar. They speak Latin like hieroglyphics and I can only thank the Lord that the Church does not require complete understanding of her servers. To misapply a quotable quote, "They also serve who only stand and wait." If nothing else, we may be a means of preventing a future "Paradise Lost."

Being new to beautiful Hawaii, I naturally think about my classmates and our far-flung missions in comparative terms. I look about at my surroundings. I consider my place under the sun. I think about all the priestly work that can and must be done here. Then I have someone stop me on the street and say, "Lucky you come Hawaii!" And I agree. ■■

INDY ANN RESISTS TEMPTATION





Ode to a Tin Roof

By the time you're through you'll be glad you don't live under one.

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ I FEEL like Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago all together, when I'm in a tin can under this African sun. The tin roof over a house here in Musoma seems to be suffering more than me to judge by its sounds. It's forever creaking. When the sun is fierce, the tin snaps and buckles with strength enough to loosen the long nails that hold it to the wooden supports. When a cloud crosses before the sun, the noise starts back down the scale as the temperature of the tin changes. The people who make tin roofs have now brought out a screw-nail that has a rubber

washer to take up expansion and keep the nail in place.

The Swahili word for tin is *bati* but it's generally used in its plural form, *mabati*; then it means any sheet metal. The stuff comes in corrugated sheets, 27 inches wide, in various standard lengths and gauges of galvanized iron or aluminum.

Corrugated sheets are relatively easy to put on as a roof; and once there, last a long long time. There are still *mabati* roofs around that the Germans put up when this was *Deutsche Eesten Afrika* before World

War I. Hideous stuff even when new, a tin roof is unspeakably ugly when old — all black and twisted from being blown off by the wind, salvaged from fires or transferred from one house to another. That's the iron stuff. They tell me that aluminum doesn't rust. Again, aluminum isn't so hot, as it reflects more of the light

and heat. But aluminum has been on the market out here for only a few years. Given time, it will probably show its defects.

In houses back in the bush, people often do without ceilings, since *mabati* isn't exactly a waterproof roof. Water gets through the overlap of the *mabati*, or through nail holes or in at the ridging. A ceiling quickly gets big stains on it and begins to sag. So people sometimes look up right at the *mabati*.

When the rain comes, living under a *mabati* roof is like living inside a drum. Sometimes, after being in the house and hearing the rain on the roof, I go out expecting heavy rain. But it's hardly raining at all, just that each drop has a big sounding board. During a heavy rain the noise is deafening.

At night there are all sorts of beetles flying about — big stupid things that bang into the *mabati*. They lie stunned or helpless on their backs, wildly spinning around trying to right themselves. They're dumb even in lamplight, but in the dark! They bang against the *mabati*

until I think someone is throwing stones on the roof. Some can't get a footing and slide down the channels until they fall into the cistern. Then I can examine them more carefully as I pick them out of the drinking water.

Africans are sometimes terrified when sleeping under a *mabati* roof. They aren't

used to night noises, and are sure that someone is haunting them. Maybe they are right.

Still, many an African here in Musoma thinks a *mabati* roof on his house is the ultimate in luxury. It's permanent, fireproof, an obvious sign of wealth in a neighborhood of grass roofs. And it is an easy way for women to catch pots of clean water during a rain.

Many Europeans and Indians use *mabati* roofs; and more and more Africans are using them. There's talk of a Musoma planning decree that new houses must have fireproof roofs. Practically that would mean *mabati*.

Every town out here is an ode to the ugly, practical, shanty tin roof. As towns get more sophisticated, tile roofs appear, or flat concrete ones of modern tropical design. Only the oldest houses in Nairobi still have tin roofs. It may well be that *mabati*-roofed and even *mabati*-sided houses may end as shanties when more handsome materials take over. But Musoma won't be built in a day. ■■

IT IS GOD

**who inspires young Americans
to consecrate their lives as priests
on the foreign missions. Will you
provide money to assure their
training? It costs \$750 yearly
to train a Maryknoll missioner.**

**Want this ant hill
in your back yard?**





Wheeling's Brother Damien Walsh fixes a finger of one of his workmen.

ANT HILL COUNTRY

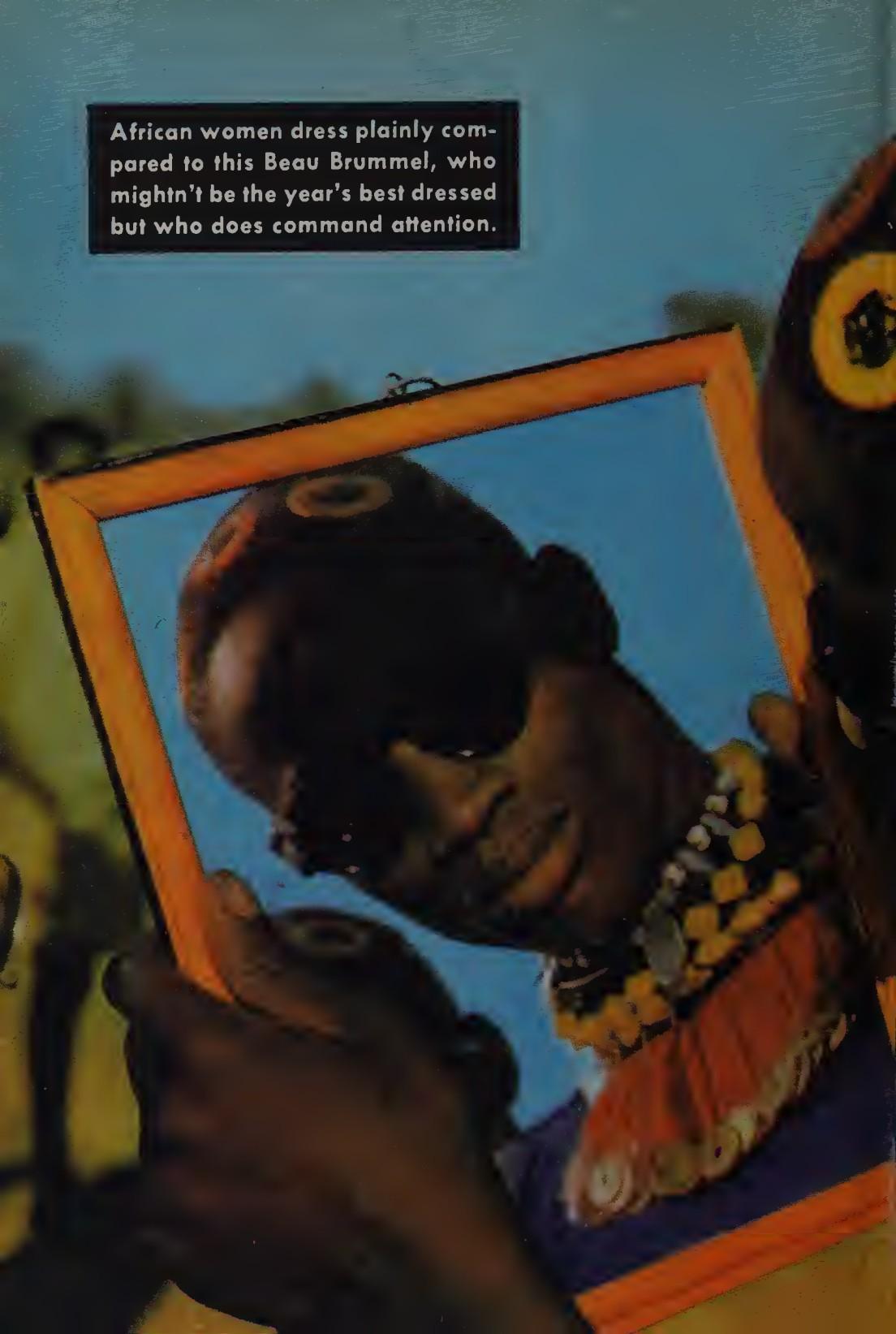
■ THINGS are big in Africa — even the ants build skyscrapers as the picture on the opposite page testifies. Maryknollers now at work in two mission territories there are finding out for themselves. Africa boasts big animals — the rhino, hippo and elephant (and what has a bigger neck than a giraffe?). The distance between missions is even longer than a Texas mile. And Africa is scoring the biggest convert gains.

Perhaps so many converts are being made because the bigness of the country makes the missionaries think big. Whatever the reason, the grace of God is at work in a big way. Only the lack of more missionaries slows down progress.

Modern Africa is a place of contrasts. There are still primitive and immature people. There are also highly educated Africans, and a growing professional class. Yes, big things are doing in Africa! ■■

A ROUNDUP OF PICTURES FROM OUR AFRICAN MISSIONS

African women dress plainly compared to this Beau Brummel, who mightn't be the year's best dressed but who does command attention.







This West African doctor personifies the growing professional class of modern Africa. Educated Africans are now prepared to lead their people.



UBERATORE

From our Shinyanga mission, two pictures. Father Maurice Zerr shows he is a man with a big pull. Below, Corpus Christi is celebrated solemnly.

ZERR



"In the long run, freedom will triumph."

Modern Africa is a world in ferment, that is moving steadily towards its goal of self-determination. Father John J. Considine, who has traveled widely throughout that gigantic continent and who has written penetrating articles and books on the subject, gives us his impressions and conclusions about present conditions and future developments.

Q Father Considine, if you had to pick one term to characterize modern Africa, what would it be?

A There are different viewpoints for answering that question. However, I think that the continent as a whole is characterized by its movement towards self-government.

Q What is the Church's attitude towards this new movement?

A It is not the Church's desire to engage in politics. Nevertheless, the Church recognizes its responsibility for preparing the peo-

ples of Africa to be ready to accept the responsibilities and obligations that will be theirs.

Q Will you explain what you mean by this recognition of responsibility?

A An interesting indication in this direction was contained in a recent pastoral letter signed by the Catholic prelates of Tanganyika. The pastoral contained doctrinal instruction and was not at all political. Yet a section of that document has to do precisely with self-government. If you will per-

INTERVIEW

mit me, I'd like to read you one short section.

Q Please do.

A This is what the bishops said: "Africans have begun to see themselves and others more clearly in the light of Christian revelation, and they grow daily more aware of their dignity as men. Among those especially who have enjoyed the benefits of education, there is an increasingly strong demand to play an active part in the development and direction of their country . . . For the goal desired by all is a self-governing territory, and the preparatory work in view of this is proceeding at a gradual but ever-quickenning pace."

Q What do the bishops mean by "preparatory work"?

A They mean the building up of an entire and complete African society. In some areas, as for instance in West Africa, substantial progress has been made.

Q Can you give us an example of what you mean?

A I was deeply impressed with what I saw in Dakar, the capital of French West Africa. I was the guest one morning at the wedding of Mark Monet and Angelique Mendy, members of two outstanding families of the Wolof people, the tribe that dominates Dakar society. The best of society filled the church. After the ceremony, I attended the reception and admired the smartly attired men and the women tastefully dressed in styles

that make Dakar the fashion capital of West Africa. There was a completely modern African society, quite capable of taking care of its own affairs. Angelique Mendy's father was a former mayor of Dakar.

Q Do the people of French West Africa choose their own government?

A They not only choose their own local government but also elect representatives to be sent to the parliament in Paris. In the last elections, three million out of a possible eight million West African voters chose 17 African deputies and 20 African senators to represent them in Paris.

Q Where else can you point out a progressive people?

A We wouldn't have time to talk about all of them. The most advanced to date in political maturity is the newly independent country of Ghana, formerly the British colony of the Gold Coast. The development of Ghana stems from a boyish-looking man in his forties — a man with a resourceful brain and passable sure judgment. Three years before my visit there, he was in jail for sedition. Today he is Prime Minister and the recognized leader of West Africa. I am speaking of Kwame Nkrumah, a progressive African who once studied at our Lincoln University and the University of Pennsylvania.

Q There is no doubt of Nkrumah's nationalist capabilities, but is he equipped to provide international leadership?

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A Let me answer by way of an example. Some months ago, in New York, I attended a meeting with a group of practical businessmen who discussed at length the Volta River Scheme. That is a multipurpose project to process a million tons of bauxite a year, and provide electric power for almost all of Ghana from the falls of a huge dam that would create an artificial lake 240 miles long. This project will take eight years to build and will be financed jointly by the British Government, Ghana and private bauxite interests in Western nations. Thus we have the prospect of one of the greatest enterprises ever undertaken in Africa, launched in part by a country governed by Kwame Nkrumah and fellow Africans. Certainly if the large financial interests show confidence in Nkrumah, we can presume his ability. In the instance of Ghana, we are witnessing the people of a former colony who are assuming a constructive role in international affairs in a manner definitely beneficial to the rest of mankind.

Q *Ghana is actually a small country where problems can be solved more easily than in a big one. Isn't that so?*

A Ghana is made up of various tribes. Ghana has the same problems from old customs and tribal differences that other countries have. If Ghana can solve its problems, so can the others. But you are right in saying that customs and

tribal differences can constitute a block to national unity. Nigeria is a case in point. With 30 million inhabitants, Nigeria will soon possess a substantial degree of self-government. Yet the country suffers from lack of harmony among its various peoples. Nigeria has some able leaders, but they are widely apart in their thinking.

Q *To consider cultural problems briefly, will you tell us about some of them?*

A The place of women in national life is one of the most important. Experts on Africa list seven social plagues that beset women. They are: (1) the lure of town life, which destroys traditions of family and tribal life; (2) the growth of a class of African functionaries who are relatively wealthy, with the result that many use their riches to buy wives like cattle; (3) the evils of the dowry system, now aggravated by heavy cash gifts in place of former gifts in kind; (4) the consequent enforced celibacy of many young men, who have to wait years for the means to acquire a wife; (5) the lack of companionship in marriage, owing to the unequal educational development between the sexes; (6) the growing use of alcohol, with its consequent moral evils; (7) the destruction of tribal morality without a corresponding development of the Christian code.

Q *Is any effort being made to fight these evils and train the women?*

A Considerable effort is being made by Africans and by European cooperators. In Leopoldville, for instance, I visited one of a number of large centers that the Belgian Congo administration has dedicated to forming good habits in modern women. When I called, a typical class of a hundred mothers was training in household skills. Another class of expectant mothers was making clothes for their layettes. Later I went with the social workers into homes. The workers were teaching housewives to serve good nourishing meals, clothe the family decently, give proper care and love to their children, watch the family health, and make the wisest use of family income.

Q Does the direction for this come from the Africans themselves?

A Under the Congo government, much of the actual teaching is done by hundreds of African leaders. Wise administrators know that the times call for new thinking that provides African leadership. I saw this all over Africa and heard it from leaders in government, education and most strongly of all from religious leaders.

Q Is there a definite program of putting the Africans in charge of religious matters?

A Very definite. It is part of a long-term procedure established by the Holy See, for every part of the world.

Q What is the position of Christianity in Africa?

A Out of 200 million people in Africa, 37 million are Christian. They include 17 million Catholics, 12 million Protestants and 8 million Eastern Orthodox.

Q What proportion of the Catholic clergy is African?

A Of 75,000 Catholic religious workers, 60% are African. Some 1,500 ordained Catholic priests are Africans, and 6 dioceses in Africa are headed by African bishops. The trend is steadily towards a Catholic Church composed of Africans. For some generations to come, it will have to be helped by foreign personnel, but a Church native to Africa is steadily being built.

Q The picture you paint, Father Considine, is a bright one. But doesn't Africa have some sore spots?

A Certainly. One cannot expect that the most tremendous social upheaval in all history should be free from all tensions. The marvel is that there is not more trouble.

Q What are the areas of trouble?

A Although the Mau Mau terror in Kenya is said to be ended, the resulting friction will last a long time. In South Africa, the doctrine of *apartheid*, or racial separation, has caused great bitterness. An explosion could take place there at any time.

Q Since Dutch Calvinists dominate South Africa, I don't suppose that the Church is strong there?

A There are 850,000 Catholics in South Africa, of whom 730,000 are non-whites. Almost 200,000

African children were in Catholic schools when new legislation gave them the choice of accepting an inferior educational curriculum or losing state aid and being forced to close down. It is remarkable that native Catholics were able to gather hundreds of thousands of dollars to continue operating the schools.

Q *Despite obstacles, then, the Church grows steadily in Africa.*

A Yes. In a joint statement, the bishops of French West Africa recently said frankly that the Church belongs to the life of Africa; that no Catholic is restrained by his religion, but rather is encouraged by it to help build the future Africa *socially, economically, politically, as well as spiritually*. "Remember," the bishops said, "there is never, properly speaking, the French Church, the German Church, the Chinese Church, the African Church, but only the Church of Jesus Christ, present in France, in Germany, in China, in Africa, now and always the same."

Q *Can we sum this interview up, Father Considine, so that our readers can have definite conclusions to take with them?*

A There are three conclusions that are important to remember. First, self-government is the basic objective for the great mass of the 200 million Africans, just as it is the basic objective for the rest of the human race.

Q *And this movement is one that*

cannot be denied to Africans much longer. Is that right?

A Yes. To deny it would be like trying to hold back a deluge with one's hands. The march to self-government is one that can't be halted. And this leads me to the second conclusion I want to offer. The self-government that we speak of is not merely a superficial, political institution. Self-government is an outward symbol of a profound cultural, social, economic, religious, and political evolution that takes place within a developing society.

Q *And your third conclusion?*

A It follows from the other two. Self-government, now a symbol, is to become very soon the existing institution in many quarters of Africa as well as in the rest of the globe. In large portions of the world, however, before genuine self-government can become a reality, generations and even centuries may be expected to pass. False ideologies, of both the extreme right and the extreme left, are due meanwhile to succeed temporarily. Failures and evil conspiracies will cause retrogression, colossal destruction and human bondage, to millions of human beings who now dream of freedom.

Q *But in the long run, freedom will triumph.*

A Yes. That is the lesson of history. In the long run, man's aspiration to be free wins out.

Q *Thank you, Father Considine.*

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BLOOD FOR FIVE



LITTLE SULLIVANS



■ WHEN Maryknoll seminarians heard about the "Five Little Sullivan Boys" of the Bronx, who are all afflicted with hemophilia and who need about sixty blood transfusions a year, the seminarians got in touch with the children's parents, Fire Captain and Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, and offered to help with blood donations.

Within a few days, a bloodmobile was at the Seminary, and Maryknoll priests, Brothers and seminarians were rolling up their sleeves. Three of the Sullivan boys — four-year-old triplets, Vincent, Raymond and Jerry — were on hand to supervise. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan have eight children, five of whom are afflicted with hemophilia. ■ ■

The Sullivan triplets watch Father Patrick Donovan give them the means of life. (Below) The general scene.



I'm Just A City Boy



BURNS

Maybe Chilean horses know that he comes from Brooklyn.

BY HUGH F. BYRNE, M.M.

■ I HAVE a confession to make: I am a missioner, but I hate horses, and, I believe, the feeling is mutual. I have ridden quite a few horses in my eight years in Chile but I have never become over-friendly with any of them. Possibly the cause of my hostility goes back to my first dealings with horses.

The first time I ever succeeded in mounting a horse, it ran away with me. Fortunately, the runaway chose a path that ended in tall grass and I escaped physically but not psychologically unscathed.

The second time, while visiting a sick parishioner, a horse gave

me a good swift kick just above the ankle of my left leg. The black-and-blue mark from that kick is still on my tibia and on my soul.

Not long ago I was rather fortunate. I was in the United States on a furlough. While there I was stationed in a parish where to get about on horses was pleasantly unnecessary.

But now I am in another parish, Renaico, Chile. This town is located in what we call *campo* (the country). The countryside around Renaico has good roads. And happily there is a fair supply of automobiles' and trucks. Generally I

can get a ride or even borrow an auto to go to any part of my parochial confines. But not always.

Last week my luck ran out. I had a sick call to a place that is only equinely accessible. It was not too far away — about nine miles. So away we started despite the fact that, as soon as I put my foot on the stirrup, it gave away under my 200 pounds and despite the fact that it had begun to rain.

Things began to look brighter after we had been trotting along for about four miles. For a moment the sun came out from behind a dirty gray cloud and the road had improved.

Then suddenly — it was while we were on a slight downgrade — the good steed sat down. My avoirdupois was an unaccustomed burden for him, and so he had gone on a sit-down strike. The lad who was my guide changed horses with me and off we went again.

Then we came to the river. We crossed it by a ferry that was capable of carrying the two horses and ourselves. I lost face by dismounting. When we reached the other side, we went up and down along the worst mountain road I have seen anywhere. As my horse and I slid down the fifth incline, I said, "Enough for me! I'll walk." And so I did, humbly but prudently. Fortunately, it was only a question of one hundred yards more.

I took care of the woman who was sick. As I did so I felt the joy that only a priest has while giving the Last Sacraments after having risked life and limb to reach the sick person. Actually the woman

was not in immediate danger of death. But I have learned from experience that it's not wise to be too sure in such cases, so I made certain to give the sick woman all the spiritual help that I could.

The family insisted that I stay and have lunch with them. I was only too glad to do so for I was cold and hungry. This particular section of the parish is unique. (Strictly speaking it belongs to a neighborhood parish but people residing there prefer to come to our church in Renaico.) There are about ten families in the neighborhood. Each possesses its own plot of ground and makes a fair living. All are quite proud that they have no "patron"; that is, they are independent, working for no one but themselves.

They are exceptionally good and pious people. The Sunday before, thirty people from this neighborhood had walked into Renaico to be able to receive Communion for a neighbor who had died.

The aftermath wasn't as bad as I thought. During the meal, I accepted a cigarette and nonchalantly used three matches lighting it. I was thinking of the return trip on horseback. But with an exceptionally good horse, the trip passed uneventfully. While on the ferry crossing the river, I stayed on the horse to prove my valor. While I sat there, uncomfortably high on the horse's back, I indifferently glanced up and down the river, reciting ejaculations.

That night back in Renaico, I stood while showing slide films to youngsters. ■■

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JOSEPH

BY FRANCIS X. KEELAN, M.M.

■ JOSEPH is one of three young lads recently converted here in Fog Mountain, Formosa. Joseph serves Mass every morning and helps us in his spare time. His family are all pagans. Once in a while, when his sisters get a day off from school, he brings them around to church.

Joe is not afraid to talk up the Faith, even at home, which, like most Formosan families, is ruled by an imperious grandmother. These old ladies, steeped in their superstitions, are among the greatest human obstacles in the way of spreading the Faith.

Once in a while, the imp in Joseph shows forth, as when he tied a string of firecrackers to a cat's tail. But only once has he really burnt me up. It was during night prayers. The candles on the altar had been lit in preparation for Benediction. One candle started to blaze like a three-alarm fire. I was sure everybody noticed it.

So I nudged Joseph and nodded towards the altar. He threw off the switch to the electric light above the altar, thus making the blaze all the more noticeable. Then, without a glance toward the altar, he genuflected like a veritable saint, turned around and with head down



walked back to his seat. I caught him as he was about to enter the bench. Pointing with my hand to the blazing candle, I tried to make myself heard above the chanting of night prayers. He had blown out all the candles save one — the blazing one, when I came to the rescue.

I snuffed out the flaming candle, lit the others, and walked back with my face blazing like the candle. By the end of night prayers I thought the fire within me was pretty much under control.

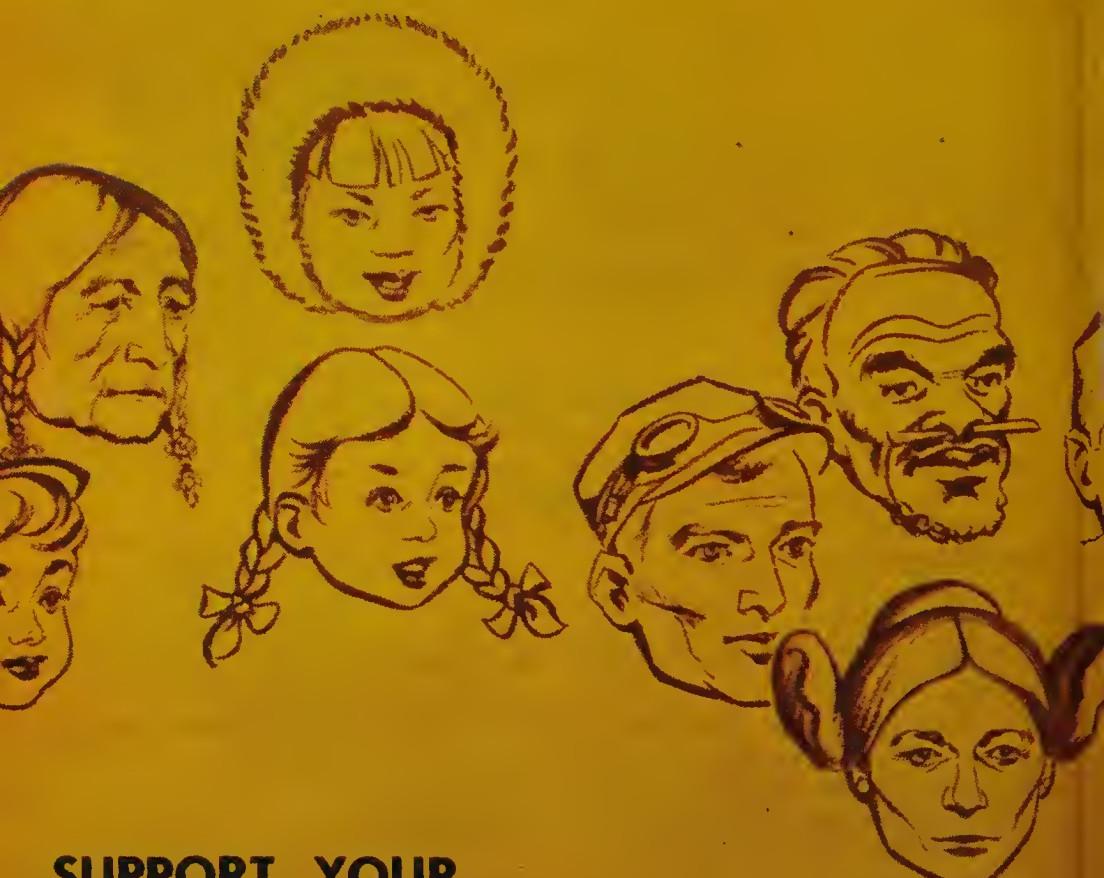
Joseph looked up at me with the face of an angel and said: "Shen Fu, do you want me to go on for Benediction?"

"Joseph," I said, "you stay here, it will be safer."

As I gave Benediction, I wondered whether Our Lord wasn't chuckling to Himself at what had transpired. For it was certainly He who reminded me that I had been a clumsy kid myself once. ■ ■

FOR ALL MEN!

MISSION SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20



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YAKOBO'S LITTLE WORLD

BY EDWARD A. McGURKIN, M.M.

■ YAKOBO is God's gift to tired hearts. Like St. Paul, Maryknollers in Shinyanga, Africa, have days "when all is conflict without, all is anxiety within." Then it is that Yakobo comes to the rescue.

I hear someone brushing against the chapel door, stepping slowly inside, feeling for the holy-water font and going on cautiously till a toe stubs against a kneeler. I hear him move to a quiet spot near the wall, and I know that Yakobo is in the chapel.

Sometimes he comes with his mother, and the two kneel quietly for a long visit before the Blessed Sacrament. Sometimes he comes with his father, Gregory, whom the children call Gori-Gori. His presence never fails to turn the dark clouds inside out until I see all the silver linings.

Yakobo's world is different; he lives in a world of sounds. Blind from his birth, in these ten years he has seen nothing. He hears the crowing of roosters; he knows the bark of dogs. He has heard the roar of trucks on the road, the puff and chug and whistle of trains in the distance but he has never seen them. He knows his mother's voice and his father's, and the voices of neighbors.

Yakobo can tell each of the

Padris from the way he talks and the really funny mistakes he sometimes makes and the nice things he says about heaven. And that is about the limit of Yakobo's world. He has heard the wind rushing through the acacias but he has never seen a tree. He has heard the hyenas whining and growling in their nightly prowls but he knows them only from Gregory's description. He has heard the tom-tom of the moonlight dances but he knows only the school drum because once he held that in his hands.

When Yakobo comes to chapel he kneels or sits quietly for long visits. He hears the other boys and their excited shouting and laughing as they kick the ball about the field. He doesn't resent the difference; he takes it all for granted and realizes that the game is just too much for him to hope for.

There's nothing melancholy about Yakobo, nothing pietistic or affected. He is the most natural little boy in the world, conscious of what he is missing but accepting it without question in sure knowledge and hope that some day, not too far off, all is going to be put right.

If in some way, be it ever so humble, we can help Yakobo realize his ambition to see God, this life is truly worth living. ■ ■

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EDITORIAL:

Unity in Diversity

BY CHARLES M. MAGSAM, M.M.

■ THE MISSION of the Church to all peoples and all things puts a quality of reverence into her approach to the mission world. There is an immediately practical reason for this, as Father Hasseveldt explains.

"Respect for what is authentically religious," he says, "for what bears marks of religious promise, must carry with it respect for all the human and cultural heritage bound up with it. It is irreligious to destroy or upset the praiseworthy elements of a human culture, for by so doing we diminish some rich aspect of the Church's future heritage."

In this age when everything is at the crossroads of international influence it is doubly important to let the vitality of essential Christianity flow into the accidental but necessary forms of expression that are native to each nation and culture. Shining through these multiple human facets of east and west, north and south, Christ's atoning and sanctifying love will be at once more penetrating and more glorious.

In reaching out to all peoples, therefore, the Church has no intention of leveling all native differences into a single way of life and of worship. That is indicated again by the instruction of the new *Holy Week Ordinal*. The intention

is rather to reverence those differences and bring them to their highest perfection, because then the full universality, the full catholicism, of Christian purpose will be realized. It is highly important that this adaptation of native cultural riches be carried out in order to use their good qualities in making easier and more fruitful the preaching of the Gospel.

POPE PIUS XII gives the profound reason for this broad realistic approach. "Human nature, though, owing to Adam's fall, is tainted with original sin, has in itself something that is naturally Christian; and this, if illumined by divine light and nourished by God's grace, can eventually be changed into true and supernatural virtue.

"This is the reason why the Catholic Church has neither scorned nor rejected the pagan philosophies. Instead, after freeing them from error and all contamination, she has perfected and completed them by Christian revelation. So likewise the Church has graciously made her own the native art and culture which in some countries is highly developed. She has carefully encouraged them and brought them to a point of aesthetic perfection that of themselves they probably

would never have attained. By no means has she repressed native customs and traditions but has given them a certain religious significance; she has even transformed native feast days and made them serve to commemorate the martyrs and to celebrate mysteries of the Faith."

IN THIS connection, it should be recalled again that the Holy Father is not a substitute for a Christ who has ceased to exist; rather he is the vicar and voice of the living resurrected Christ. Neither is the priest at the altar a substitute for a nonexisting Christ but a minister for the Mediator-Christ who lives and intercedes for us in heaven.

The Church is the Mystical Body of Christ; the mission of the Church must finally be the mission of Christ Himself. God became incarnate to atone for the sins of the world, to transform the people of God into a new people and to bring men to mystical union with God through grace on earth and through the light of glory in heaven.

The Church grows in a dynamic, expansive way. The expansion takes place first within the individual soul when transformation into Christ empties and frees the soul for the inflow of divine life and joyous charity. Ransomed and redeemed by Christ, each Christian is henceforth committed to help the expansion of the Mystical Body — an expansion that reaches over the earth's curve into the remotest village and human heart.



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— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday
Address to American Catholics



Go-Between's Banquet

A people as poor as can be
yet rich beyond all counting.

BY J. DANIEL SCHNEIDER, M.M.

■ YESTERDAY I returned from a two-day trip down to a village in our parish. If the village name were translated into English it would be "Round Shot." This Korean village received its name because it sits in a valley, completely surrounded by mountains.

We have 38 Catholics down there and every one turned out for confession, Mass and Communion. The main purpose of my trip this time was to witness a wedding.

Bride and groom in Korea seldom see one another before their wedding day. A third party usually arranges the whole affair for the families of the boy and girl. The person who "plays cupid" makes a thorough investigation of the family background of each prospective spouse, as well as a complete character analysis of the parties to be married. In this way the parents can capably decide whether or not the parties are temperamentally

suitied. Such was the case in this marriage.

The people were out en masse to meet the *Sin Pu* (Spiritual Father) when he arrived at Round Shot Village in the pastor's jeep. We went into the little mud house of one of the Catholic laymen and there said a prayer of thanksgiving. Afterwards, I sat down on the floor and received the greetings of all the Catholics.

They came one at a time and with a profound bow said, "Blessed be Jesus." I answered, "Amen." We then sat and talked for a few minutes. Afterwards there was an examination of the bride and groom on their knowledge of Catholic doctrine in general and the Sacrament of Matrimony. Questioning each separately I satisfied myself that both are freely entering the marriage state.

I then heard confessions. Because these people had not had the opportunity to have the sacraments since my previous trip three months ago, they were deeply grateful for the opportunity. In the confessional, each penitent, after saying the Act of Contrition, expressed private words of thanks.

Sitting on the floor, I ate supper off a table about a foot high. Then the Korean layman who accompanies me on each trip gave a half hour talk on the seven sacraments. He used large picture charts to illustrate the institution of the sacraments by Our Lord. The people love pictures and the talk held their attention; there wasn't even a move out of them all that time.

We had a lot of fun just talking.

The children decided to try to teach me "Silent Night" in Korean. They had a hard time of it but their persistence made them successful. I got in a few "punches" myself; for each time they got me to sing (and there were a lot of laughs) I got them to sing one of their folk songs. These are beautiful though the music is very melancholy.

After the social evening was over they made my bed — a couple of comforters on the floor. I was soon asleep.

The Nuptial Mass next morning was said in a small room; it must have been about ten feet by ten feet. This village is too poor to have a chapel. My head touched the mud ceiling so I had to bow over about four inches. The bride and groom knelt right behind me, you would have thought they were serving the Mass!

The groom quickly pronounced the Korean "I do." But I had the usual backwardness — I should say bashfulness — on the part of the bride. After about two minutes she said it. This is really only an act for actually she is pleased with the man her parents picked for her.

After Mass I had my breakfast. When I was just getting ready to leave, they told me that some old grandmother was sick, about six miles away. I got into the jeep and started out.

Really, I never expect to travel more rugged country in my whole life. I had to cross seven different streams, and each time I wondered if I'd ever get to the sick person. In one place I not only had to cross the stream — I had to drive down-

stream about 150 feet. The water was covered with ice and I had to take the word of my guide that the water was not more than a foot deep! The ice was thin and I never heard such a grinding sound as that jeep made, cutting a path through the river ice. When I got to the opposite bank I looked back and could see the tracks the tires had made.

Some men will make trips like that to hunt and to fish but it is the most wonderful feeling in the world to make such a trip to prepare a soul for death. I got there in time, heard the confession of the old grandmother. Then, just to be on the safe side, I heard the confession of her husband and anointed him as well.

By that time it was eleven o'clock and they wanted me to stay for lunch. I begged off with the excuse that my pastor would be worried about me. I had promised to be back at the rectory by eleven and I still had a three-hour trip over treacherous snowy and icy roads. I wanted to, for these people don't

often have the honor of hosting a priest. They are far back in the mountains; a priest can come to them only when there is sickness.

It was fortunate I did return when I did. On arriving back in Ch'ong Ju, I met the pastor at the south end of the city, coming out with a Brother to look for me.

He was sure I had met with an accident and had brought along the holy oils to prepare me for death! Thanks be to God I have a pastor who worries about me.

This was one day in the life of a missioner. I had left the rectory at two Friday afternoon, and got back just at two on Saturday. I was God's instrument for dispensing a whole lot of graces and I want Maryknoll's friends to know they are daily remembered in the fruits of my labors.

Sacrifices abound in these parts. The plight of Koreans, materially speaking, is about as low as any can get. But God is giving them rich spiritual treasures. Your prayers for all of us, priests and people, will be appreciated. ■■■

FATHER HENRY FAUCHER, a tall priest from Pawtucket, R. I., lives in the mountains 50 miles east of Tienchung, Formosa. He rode in the other day, eager to talk after a lonely month among aborigines. "I've been trying to make doughnuts," were his first words. "Those instructions in the cookbook — they make no sense. First it said 'cream lard and sugar.' I didn't have any cream and what's lard anyhow? I used vegetable oil. I had flour and egg and grease all over me." He toyed with his dust-rimmed motorcycle goggles and added a bit dreamily, "But man, those doughnuts tasted good!"

— Michael J. O'Connor, M.M.

■ SOME farmers in the Rumoi section of Hokkaido, Japan, striving to relieve their financial burdens brought on by a poor harvest and famine, have been selling their daughters to various houses of entertainment. Welfare agents, in an attempt to help those girls, have been buying and returning them. Of course, the farmers just sell their daughters over again!

Because of continued cold weather and rain during the recent growing season, the rice crop on Hokkaido was almost nil. The result was that rice had to be imported. The farmers of Hokkaido felt the pinch, not only because they had no rice to eat, but more because they had no rice to sell and consequently no money for food or other needs.

Many sad stories made the rounds, telling of children who were unable to go to school because their parents had no money to buy books and pencils or even clothing. Then the business in girls began.

For some ten years in a section near Hakodate, it has been the custom for fathers to sell their daughters. In fact, brokers have set up offices in the towns, and when a girl reaches a certain age, she is sold to a broker. This district was a fishing district ten years ago; but the fish gave out, and then this new "industry" was set up. Lately it has spread because of the failure of the rice crop.

As a result of conditions, special collections have been taken up throughout Japan. The money has been put in the hands of a special,

GIRLS FOR SALE

When famine hits Japan,
great suffering follows.

BY EDMOND L. RYAN, M.M.



committee within the Welfare Department. Rice, also, was donated by many people and sent here for distribution. Among the donors was the Catholic Committee in Tokyo. Other Christian agencies contributed and helped to distribute the rice.

The donated rice is brought in from the United States. Although the rice is free, the transportation charges must be met by the agency that accepts it for distribution. This amounts to a considerable sum.

Recently a group of representatives of some Protestant agencies came to Hokkaido to inspect the communities hardest hit. They have agreed to ship rice in from the United States and have promised to do their best to raise the money for shipping expenses themselves.

At the time of the drive, we here in Iwamizawa were asked to donate. The young women of our parish put on a small bazaar and sold cake and religious articles. The affair raised twenty thousand yen. The city officials were extremely grateful for this little help, and we have been encouraged to try again on a larger scale.

We asked the officials if they would like to have us get rice from the United States. We told them about the rice, milk and butter shipments made by American Catholics. The officials replied that they would be extremely grateful if we could get milk and butter, as those are the very necessary foods that the farmers have been unable to buy because of the famine.

So far, we have been able with our limited means to have one ship-

ment of milk and one of butter sent; and another milk shipment is on the way. Naturally, we wish to continue this good work, and we intend to do so as far as possible. But it is necessary that we defray the cost of shipping, so we cannot do as much as we should like to do.

We hope that we shall find some assistance, as both the milk and butter will go a long way toward relieving not only the physical suffering of the rice-farming families, (whose condition will be better as soon as a good rice crop comes in) but also the urgent needs of the nameless poor who are very numerous. From our study of the situation, we conclude that the individual missioner can do more good than an agency, in helping the poor who are poor because of sickness, death or some natural calamity.

The Japanese Government is doing its best, with funds raised through various drives, to aid those poor people. But it is impossible for the Government to help them all; and even those who do receive help, get less than the minimum needed for support. As the Welfare Agent here in town told us, he can help poor people to avoid starving to death, but no more than that. The help he gives is temporary and only what is acutely necessary. As soon as an immediate urgency ends (even though some need remains), the agent's help must cease.

The missioner can, by means of food and clothing shipments, do much to assist the poor. The big problem is to get these free goods, from the United States, delivered here.



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Smiles are king-size in Africa!

Big Night in Kowak

**The happy go lucky abandon
of African women celebrating.**

BY SISTER JEANNE MARIE

■ IT WAS a quiet evening on our convent porch here in Kowak.

Then suddenly floated out the high, long-drawn cries of many voices. Hearing the noise for the first time, you would think that a party of Mohawks was coming on the warpath. But we had heard it before and knew it for what it was — the sound of some African ladies celebrating.

Down the dirt road from the church, waving long green branches torn in happy abandon from the mission trees, came fifty or sixty women. They trotted and undulated in unison, the very quintessence of free rhythm. Their heads were high, their upturned faces beaming, their gestures wide and free.

They swung around in a circle before us and halted for a quick reformation of ranks. Forming a chain with a hand of each on the shoulder of the one ahead, they

executed the shuffling dance step that they fall into so naturally. When beaten out on the earth by bare feet, the rhythm seems to spread like a contagion from one human being to the next.

"What is this all about?" asked Mother Mary Columba who was making a visitation right then.

"These women have just been told that they passed the preliminary examination of the catechumenate. They are glad that they are one step nearer baptism."

The preliminary examination! What will they do to celebrate reception of the sacrament itself? Burn down the church?

No doubt about it — the jubilant catechumens were out to celebrate. They wheeled in a wide circle past us. We could see that a few were teen-agers, most were in their twenties and thirties; a few were fifty and beyond. But not one missed

a step or a leap; not one fell behind.

It was all so stimulating that our old Marcella laid her pipe aside and joined in the ranks as the dancers swept by. All together, they raced up towards the church, down another road. And then they were out of sight.

Wonderful people, these Africans!

They can dance, we all know—but they can also walk. I have seen a lone woman walking calmly along on a plain scintillating with heat and strewn with thorn bushes and thorn trees—dusty choking miles across lands so inhospitable and waterless, they are frightening. As far as you can see, there is no water, no house, no other human being. On her head will be a water jar or a bunch of firewood or a bundle of skins. On her back, a tiny baby. In the same situation, you or I would be scared stiff.

Here in Africa, a woman makes a day's journey to get and bring home one jug or gasoline tin of water which she carries on her head while the baby rides on her back. It may take hours ranging the hills to collect enough firewood for one family meal. Her husband may travel for days to reach a place where he can sell his animal skins. It is normal for a whole family to walk for days in order to visit a friend or a relative.

All this they take in their stride, a steady walk without haste or let-up, except when they take time out to rest in a patch of shade.

When water is very hard to come by and fuel is far afield, an African tribe will often break into song and dance. It is a marvel of nar-

tive song, leadership and rhythm. The leader gives the beat, dancing and singing in front of the row of dancers. I took a movie of them and they enjoyed that all the more. The leader incorporated the movie-taking gestures into his narrative and dance, rising to a new high in animation.

They should have been bowed down with want and toil, but they were having the time of their lives.

Again I say, wonderful people, these Africans! ■ ■

Sister Joan Michel of West Virginia pauses to chat with a Luo old-timer.







Mother and older sister give this Chilean miss a lesson in table setting.

■ GIRLHOOD in Latin America is a time to learn the tasks that will have to be performed in later life. For most Latin-American girls, marriage and motherhood will be their real careers. It is only the rare girl who goes to work in an office or factory while waiting for the right man to come along.

Making a home for one's family is a full-time job for Latin-American women. There are many tricks of the trade to be learned, and the time to start is in one's youthful and formative years. ■ ■

The Bolivian jungle girl (left) is barefoot, but that's no hindrance.

READY TO START

A Latin-American Portfolio
BY CONSTANTINE F. BURNS, M.M.

Future Miss Panama





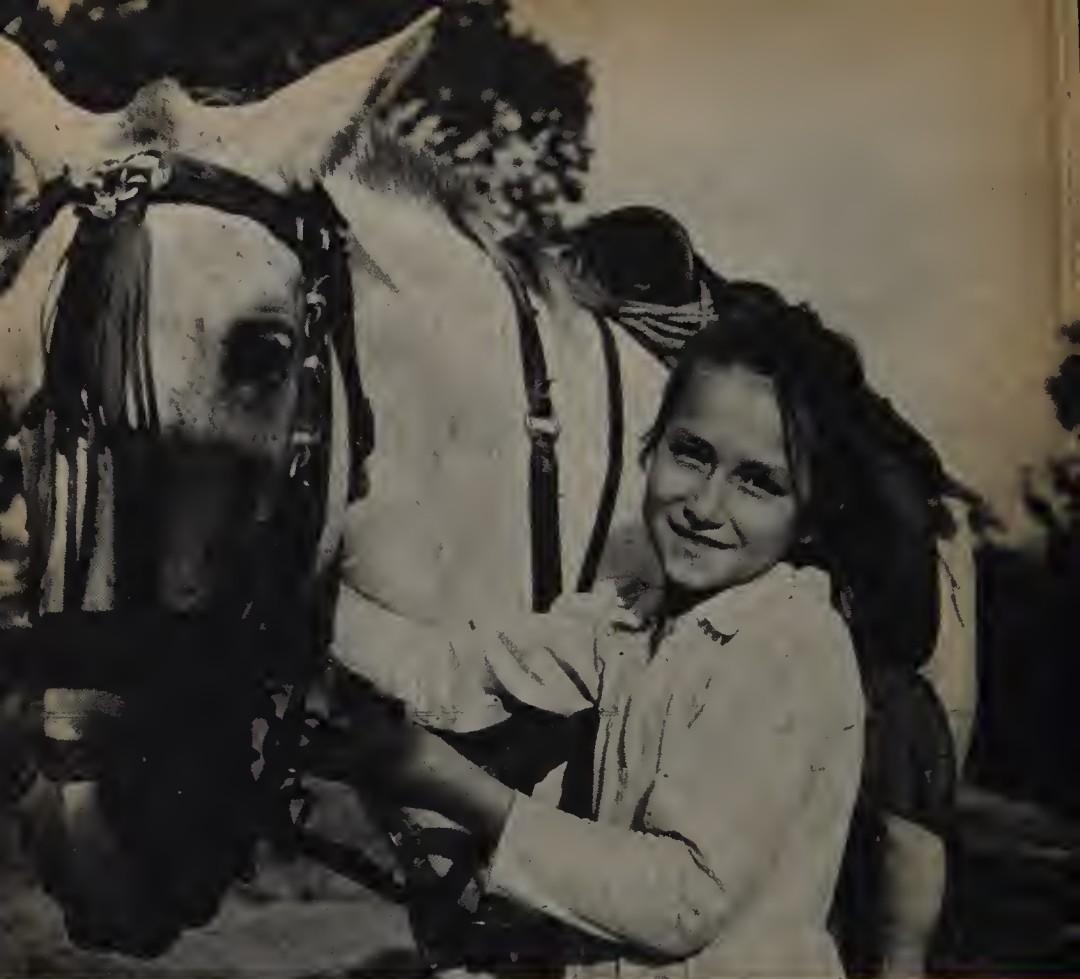
Hard work at an early age is the lot of this Guatemalan youngster. Many Latin Americans have little time for childhood and must grow up quickly.

■ FOR MANY girls, childhood is a brief moment. This is especially true among the poor, particularly in the very backward areas. There infancy passes quickly into womanhood, and often a woman is old by the time she reaches her thirties.

As the nations of Latin America make economic progress and offer more security to their people, the life of a girl becomes more normal, judged by our standards. In such a case, a young lady can grow up weaving a tapestry of rich memories for adulthood. ■ ■

The Mexican girl (right) typifies the fine religious spirit of women.





What youngster doesn't love animals? Since Chile is a farm country, girls there can grow up with lots of pets.

The smile of this Bolivian girl is as wide as the outdoors of her big, Andean world. It's contagious, too.

The proof of the richness of farms in Chile lies in the size of the pumpkin that these girls carry home.

MARYKNOLL



On the High Road



Schreiner

Close-up of an old man

as friendly as he's wrinkled.

BY THOMAS P. McGOVERN, M.M.

■ THE endurance of these old Africans is incredible. They'll bundle up in army overcoats, tie long involved rags about their heads, grasp walking sticks and go. They'll walk for hours for deadly miles in the dust and the heat, over rocks and through thorns, under a sun that hammers down on Nyegina. They stumble along, gnawing away on some old bone of memory.

I see these *omukarukas* struggling along. They look like caricatures of something very old and very lost. These walkers, bent with years, on the high road spending some final days seeing their world.

An overcoat in this heat, the lost look, those head rags. But the funny thing is this: if I attempt to greet one of the walkers, if I stop him to say hello, the wizened face lights with humor, the eyes focus happily. As I am a priest, a welcome wide as the plain he has crossed awaits me.

I expected the oddity to continue unfolding. It didn't. Instead I found a man. I found humor and courtesy, some fear, above all a keen sense of the ultimate uselessness of machines.

I scared Ogango one day. I saw an old army overcoat come stumbling along, and what was inside the coat seemed so lost that I shook my stick and shouted: "Give me money."

The old man was instantly alert and in a matter of seconds scented the direction from which danger came. He tugged nervously at his tuft of a beard, and then suddenly jumped. He took himself and the overcoat over the hedge and ran for the trees.

"Padri!" I yelled after him. "Come back! I'm a priest."

He stopped, keeping his distance, and looked me over.

"Forgive me." I felt like crawling away somewhere. "I'm a priest."

Then he clapped his hands, laughed and came trotting back.

"Forgive me, *omukaruka*," I said as he continued laughing, wheezing and shaking my hand. "I did not mean to scare you." He gave me the equivalent of a tut-tut, still laughing, shaking both my hands.

"*Lysina lyao?*" he said, asking my name.

"Padri Thomas. And you?"

"Ogango," he told me and then asked if my health was good. I told him I was well and returned the question. Things were well with him, he said, extremely well. He had slept particularly well the previous night.

"America?" he asked.

And I said, yes, from America, in a large boat. About five months ago. I have yet to know the language very well.

"Oh no!" he said. "You know the language very well. You speak

like a true *omukaruka*." But that was so exaggerated we both laughed and shook hands again.

"Come home with me and eat," he said, "and I will teach you many words."

So we fell in together.

His home was worthy of a man who owned an army overcoat. We turned off the hot main road onto a path that went through a field of cotton that ran crescent-wise before the barricade of huge cactus plants that surrounded his yard. I waved to a boy who approached cautiously carrying a tin flute. Ogango called to him and the boy turned in the direction of some utterly haggard-looking cows.

We stooped beneath the logged opening set in the cactus and met a goat that nodded briskly at us. Three naked children who had been sitting on a hide, threading beads, stood with one accord and shrieked. They scrambled into the house in terror.

Ogango apologized for their lack of manners. "It is a rare day when they see a red man," he said.

"*Ek, tebe!*" Ogango shouted and his wife appeared in the doorway of his mud-plastered house with a chair. And she, though frightened, gave a sweeping curtsy, buckling solidly at the knees.

"*Padri wa America*," Ogango told her and she seemed pleased. She told me her name was Waji-Waji. She was a small old woman, her face dried and wrinkled, carrying a grandchild strapped on her back.

"This is a *panga*," Ogango said, dismissing her and pointing to a machete-like instrument. We sat on



PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP

Somewhere in the world, each Friday, every Maryknoll priest offers Mass exclusively for Maryknoll members and benefactors. Also on Friday, these same members and benefactors are remembered in the Holy Communions and rosaries of Maryknoll Brothers and seminarians studying for the priesthood.

Why not write for our informative leaflet today?

The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, N. Y.



Dear Fathers,

Without any obligation, please send me your leaflet on Perpetual Membership.

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City..... Zone..... State.....

three-legged stools against the wall of his house under the shade of the thatched roof. "And this is a *suka*."

I nodded complacently. He said, "Would it not be wise to write these words down?"

I opened my book. "To write is to know," he added, somewhat pompously.

The old woman brought us our lunch on a large tin tray. She bowed and then set the tray on the ground before us. There was a steaming bowl of meal called "*okusima*," a side dish of fish and sauce and a finger bowl.

"Will you bless the food?" he asked me.

We began to eat then, taking small portions of the meal with our fingers and dipping into the sauce.

The three small children, prodded by Ogango's wife, sidled out of the house and sat a good distance away, staring at us. The shepherd boy poked his head through the logged opening. An old mangy dog gave us one baleful eye and lazed back into the dust. A chicken hawk swooped low over the cactus barricade. All was peaceful and very hot under the noonday sun. We ate without a word.

I kept thinking: This man here, this Ogango and his wife and those three children, and that boy with the tin flute, are my people. These are the people I will tell the word of God. The word of God will make them new creatures, sharing the life of God.

Ogango touched my leg. "Why do you smile?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said — but I knew very well.





Up Among the Bamboo Peaks

Crowds flock to the Formosan Church.

BY R. RUSSELL SPRINKLE, M.M.

■ A RENTED shop with an attic-like upper room as living quarters. That describes the mission at Lu Ku (Deer Ravine) Formosa. I have no chapel. Mass is said in a room next door, which is too small for the congregation of sixty-plus who come quite regularly. There is not even room for all to sit down and the benches are so close together people can't possibly kneel.

The altar is a simple table against the wall, with just enough room between it and the first row of benches for a genuflection. It is impossible at present to reserve the Blessed





FITZGERALD

People from many neighboring towns came to march in this Tienchung procession.

Sacrament. Fortunately I am not very tall, or my head would hit the ceiling, for the roof slopes down at the eaves.

Every night my one-and-only catechist teaches doctrine downstairs in the shop, to about fifty people. More came for a while, but there was not enough room for them. I am planning to get started in two more towns in this district as soon as I can find a place to rent that is not too expensive.

The mission itself isn't much but the scenery is wonderful. I can see a great expanse of level land rolling for miles and miles north, south and out to the sea, which appears, on a clear day, as a flat blue haze

on the horizon. South of Lu Ku the mountains pile up into the sky.

Superstition has a powerful grip upon Formosan people. Often their temple properties are very extensive. The people are a spiritual type and there were formerly nine adoration days a year, when great pilgrimages were made to the more famous shrines. At these times the coffers of the temples were well filled with gifts of every kind, plenty of them in cash. Officials in charge of the large temples never lacked funds, either for their own needs or for the upkeep of the temples under their jurisdiction.

This is more or less true even now, although the Government has



LYNCH

The author discovers that a man over forty can still learn an Oriental language.

required temple officials to sell their fields to the tillers, as part of the land-redistribution program, and has also cut down the number of adoration days. Too often they were merely days of dissipation, gambling; this sort of thing was often promoted by local merchants, who exploited the devotees who had come from afar to honor the local gods.

As the Catholicity of the island increases the people are giving more and more to the Church, and some parishes are already self-supporting in so far as routine expenses are concerned.

Tienchung parish averages more than one dollar local currency per

family in the Sunday collection, and the Propagation of the Faith collection this year, in both Tien-chung and Chu San parishes, was an average of three dollars local currency for every member of the parish. That was far higher than the Propagation of Faith collection in the U.S.

However, this is mission territory. There are about ten million people in Taiwan, and only fifty thousand Catholics. Most bishops and pastors are still harassed by the same financial difficulties that hampered European priests who came as missionaries to the U.S. one hundred to two hundred years ago. They were forever writing letters,



Formosa like this picture is a country of strong contrasts.

and making trips back to Europe in spite of the dangers, expense and time involved, to gather supplies, collect money, recruit more Sisters, more priests and more Brothers for the young American Church.

Unless the spiritual edifice is strong, with deep, wide and firm foundations, there is not much sense in building large and beautiful churches of wood and stone. However, the time has come when we should have some large churches.

Tienchung has about three thousand Catholics, and the church crowded to capacity will seat only about two hundred and fifty. There are over two thousand Catholics in Taichung City but the church there is smaller than the one in Tienchung. In Chu San there are over six hundred Catholics but the church will seat only about one hundred and fifty, even with crowding.

Many of our works are social: hospitals, dispensaries, regular and industrial schools, orphanages, kindergartens, and often straight charity, are for all. We have, for example, no grammar schools in our Taichung Prefecture but two high schools. Ninety per cent of the boys are non-Catholics; the same is true of the girls' school. Neither school can accept over two hundred students but both could be filled even if they were ten times their present size. Tuition easily covers operating costs.

Our prefecture has a ten-bed hospital and an eye clinic. A Maryknoll Sister-doctor operates one free and one mobile clinic. Several small private and one small Government hospital exist; all are little more

than glorified clinics. The American Government assisted the Chinese Government in founding medical centers in most towns and cities of any size. People who can afford it go to the Taipei University Hospital or to the multi-million-dollar hospital built last year by American Protestants in the city of Taipei.

Some who are in no need of emergency treatment make the long trip around on the east coast to St. Mary's hospital, run by the Camillian Fathers. It is small, but modern, well-staffed, and has an excellent reputation all over the island.

Taichung, a city of about two hundred thousand, and Changhua, a city of about one hundred thousand, are less than one half hour from each other by car over a paved highway. Both have high schools, but there is no college in the vicinity.

Taipei University is the only university on the island. A university is needed in our section of the island, so also are more high schools. Several thousand take the entrance exams for Taipei University, yet the university accepts only a few hundred each year. The same is true of middle schools everywhere on the island.

Our prefecture boasts of one institution that everyone likes to visit. It is hidden away, off the main road on one of the oldest mission compounds in this section; it is the orphanage. The present facil-

ties can take care of about twenty-five children; these range from a few days old to seven years. Most of the children given outright to the orphanage are adopted when they are just about able to walk.

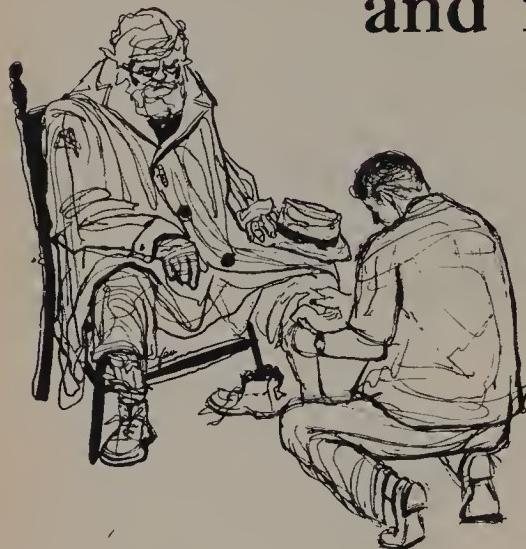
Babies are not abandoned in Formosa. Parents love their children with intense love, and don't

like to give up a child whether it be a boy or a girl, whether it be the first or the tenth. Babies who arrive at the orphanage are generally real orphans, or from homes that are so poverty-stricken that parents can't keep the little ones.

Sometimes when a mother dies in childbirth or shortly afterwards, the father who has no way to care for the child will request the orphanage to keep the baby until he remarries or until the child is of school age. Such a father seldom gives the child up entirely and will take it back as soon as possible. Poor parents often visit their little ones and take small gifts to the Sisters or bring a present for the children. Parents of youngsters in the orphanage often ask about the children. Parents will make a long journey to see a child if those in charge report that it is ill.

Our orphanage on Formosa is registered with the Government. The work done there is a great asset to the mission's prestige and gives a few lucky babies a real home when they need one.

"He knelt at the feet of the and removed his



MY FATHER died when I was seven years old; my mother when I was twelve. I was raised by a widowed aunt. Things were difficult for me. Nevertheless, after graduating from high school and spending a couple of years in a factory, I succeeded in getting a Bachelor of Arts degree from Boston College; from Boston University School of Medicine, the degree of Doctor of Medicine. I was fortunate to be appointed on the teaching staff of my university at a tremendous 3,200-bed hospital, Boston City Hospital.

After my year of internship I spent three years in the military service, two of them in Europe. I returned to this country to begin surgical residency at Boston City Hospital. By this time I had a lot

of experience in surgery. As I look back on it now, I seem to have been at that time more of a scientist, and less of a doctor, than I should have been. I was quite sure of my medical knowledge; and if the truth be known, I was perhaps a little cocky in this knowledge.

I had charge of the outpatient department, which handled roughly a thousand cases a day. These people were for the most part the poor of the city — drunkards, bums, ne'er-do-wells. The incident that stands out in my memory is an example of great humility exhibited by Father James F. O'Day, of Maryknoll, toward one of them.

At the end of a very long morning, I noticed an older man dressed in the white uniform of an interne. Since this was a large hospital, and internes were constantly coming and going, I paid no particular attention to him. One of the younger house officers was about to take care of a patient with a large varicose ulcer on his leg. The patient was sitting before the young man; as the resident in charge, I was standing behind him. The man apparently had some difficulty in understanding the house officer in

dirty, unkempt individual rubbers and soaked shoes."

regard to removing his shoes and stockings. I was impatient to be about other work, and rather sharply ordered the man to remove his shoes and stockings and to roll up his underwear.

At this point, Father O'Day stepped forward and said, "Let me give you a hand." He knelt at the feet of this dirty, unkempt, unbathed individual, removed his rubbers and soaked shoes, took off his stinking stockings, and rolled up his matted and dirty underwear so that we might see the ulcer.

I was ashamed of my own brusqueness when I saw an older man doing such service, and I was even more impressed when I learned that this older man was a Maryknoll priest who had spent twenty years among the people of China. He was working at the hospital to learn better ways of helping the infirm in his mission. I grew to know Father O'Day well. He was always as I saw him first — helpful, kind, patient.

He went back to China, as you know. There he injured his back. He spent many painful months waiting to return to this country. Meanwhile I had moved my family from Boston to Miami, Florida. I was delighted when I learned that Father O'Day was to be sent here.

He came to work in the Keys section because of his poor health.

Since he has been here, through illness and health he has had a tremendous influence — an influence which I am sure he is not aware of — on a vast number of people.

I have been friendly with a number of priests in my relatively short lifetime. I have never, however, met a finer priest.

Father O'Day now has an incurable disease.

I think if Maryknoll could turn out one priest a year who would equal Father O'Day, you would be doing a tremendous amount of good for the people of our world. The money I send you in his name is intended to help you educate another missioner.

— William J. Clifford, M.D.

The Maryknoll Fathers

10-57

Maryknoll, N. Y.

Dear Fathers: I am interested in laboring for souls as a missioner. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest Brother

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Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Age.....School.....Grade.....



Bamboo Wireless

It took 100 men to carry in the new diesel engine for the light plant at Maryknoll parish in Jacaltenango, Guatemala. Engine weighed a half ton, had to be brought in over wild mountain trails . . . Father THOMAS MCKEE (Oklahoma) reports from Korea of catechist baptized a year who brought 300 converts to Church. Brooklyn's Father WILBUR BORER writes about Isadore, a young farmer, two years a convert, who signed up 120 Koreans to study the doctrine.

* * *

Cleveland's Father RICHARD KARDIAN reports that a sign in the window of a Tokyo eatery has this bit of fractured English: "Sukiyaki Kubota imported and served from best meadow. Has been famous by appointment of old American ambassador. Thank you."

* * *

Co-operation: in Huancane, Peru, 74 officials sworn in for district offices held a fiesta and became inebriated. Later in month came to Father JAMES STEFANIAK asking for Mass at new fiesta begging rain. Father pointed out that their previous shenanigans wouldn't qualify them for any blessings. He asked them not to drink. They didn't. That afternoon the region had its steadiest and best rain of the season.

* * *

A watch dog at our Cochabamba Language School, about the size of Rin Tin Tin, chased a herd of sheep that wandered on school property. The tables were turned when a small lamb turned on the dog and chased him. Now the poor watch dog has an inferiority complex. Such embarrassment!

* * *

Father TED KUECHMANN (Wisconsin) found an ancient crucifix on a Buddhist altar in a pagan home in Matsusaka, Japan. A century ago a hundred Catholic families were exiled to that region from Nagasaki. The crucifix is the only remaining trace . . . Of twelve graduates from Kyoto University who lived at Father JOHN MURRETT's hostel, three went on for priesthood. This brings total to eleven boys who have gone to the seminary. All are converts.



OUR COVER STORY

THE GREAT COMMAND

■ WHEN Jesus met the holy women shortly after His resurrection, He instructed them: "Go and tell My brethren that they are to leave for Galilee. There they shall see Me."

Saint Matthew reminds us that the eleven Apostles went to Galilee and waited for Jesus on a mountain. That may have been Mount Thabor or the Mount of the Beatitudes. At any rate, it was there that the Risen Lord appeared to them and gave the Great Command that was to motivate His disciples and apostles down through the ages.

"All authority is given to Me in heaven and on earth," Jesus said to His followers, and through them to all who would ever come after them. "Go, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all whatever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you throughout all time, even until the consummation of the world."

We chose this subject for our October cover because in this month we celebrate Mission Sunday, the day on which Catholics all over the world are reminded of their obligation to take an active part in mission work. This obligation has resulted from Christ's Great Command. For when He told His Apostles to go into the whole world, baptizing and teaching, He was speaking to everyone who would follow Him in all places and in all ages. Every Catholic has this inheritance.

Joseph Watson Little has painted an original interpretation of the Great Command for this month's cover. In it we see Christ at the very moment He tells His Apostles, "Go." Our Lord points to a distant city, gleaming white in the sunlight — a city that is a reminder of the fields "white for the harvest."

It is two thousand years since Our Lord gave that Great Command — yet there are over a billion people in the world who do not know Him. Have we failed to heed Christ? ■ ■



MARYKNOLL MISSION

WANT ADS

That tax man likes us and YOU too. He says that it is the law, when you donate to Maryknoll your gift is deductible for Federal income tax purposes.



THE MAIN DOOR

for a mission church in Peru can be donated for only \$100. The door you give will secure the sacred edifice.



A TABERNACLE

for a mission church in Bolivia, to house the Holy Eucharist among the Indians, can be given as a memorial for \$250.



25,000 AT 1¢ EACH



That many catechisms are required for our Indian children in Bolivia. The price is right; the quantity is big — \$10 buys 1,000 catechisms.

EDUCATE A CHILD



A Chinese refugee from Red China in one of our camps in Hong Kong. One dollar a month for one child.

30,000 BRICKS, 3¢ EACH



are required to build a Maryknoll mission school in Chile. The school is a necessity. How many bricks in your name at \$3 a hundred?

A WATER PUMP

to bring H₂O to a mission in Guatemala can be supplied for \$150.

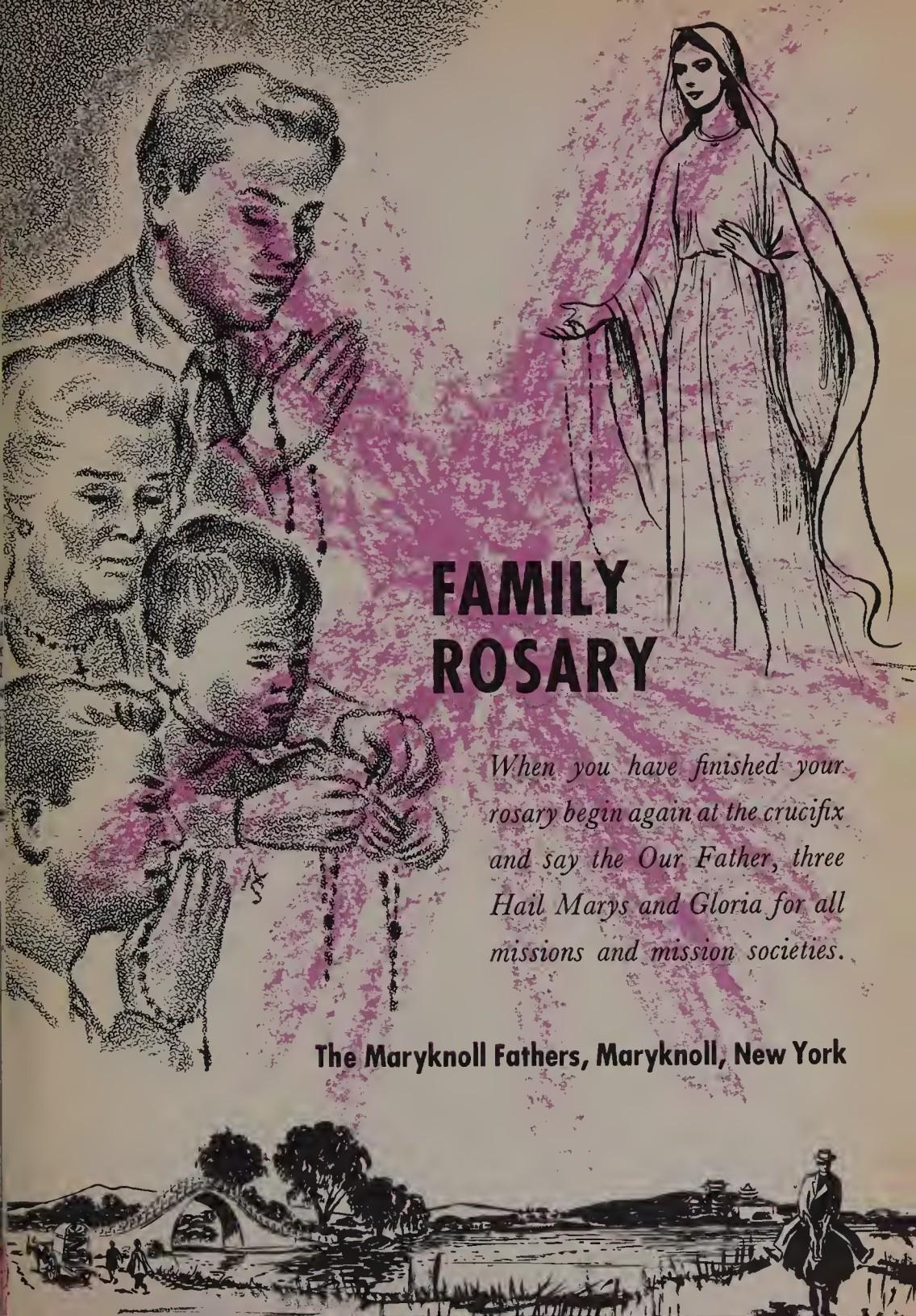


RICE FOR ORPHANS

in Korea. To feed 70 orphan boys and girls requires 12 bags of rice a month at \$25 a bag. Put rice in their mouths.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.



FAMILY ROSARY

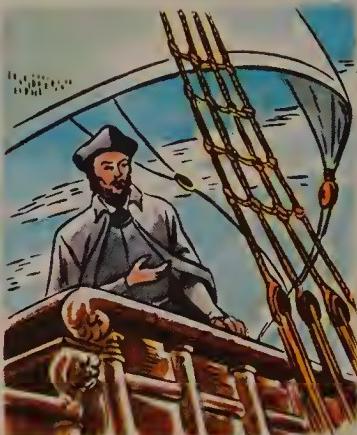
When you have finished your rosary begin again at the crucifix and say the Our Father, three Hail Marys and Gloria for all missions and mission societies.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

People are Interesting!

The Roman Noble
Who Became a Hindu

Robert de Nobili was a member of Rome's nobility. He counted a pope and a cardinal among his family. This brilliant young man left all and joined the new Society of Jesus.



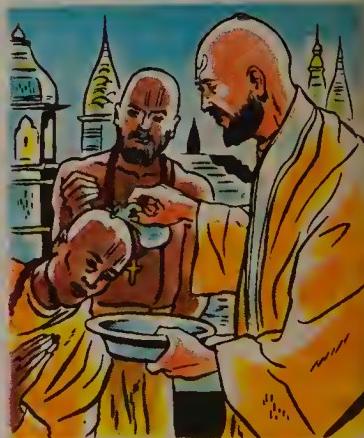
1. Over parental abjections, Robert sought a missian past. In 1604, he was commissioned to go to India.



3. To identify himself with the people, he put on the garb of a Hindu, lived alone as a hermit.



4. Soon Brahmin scholars came to discuss theology and learn that Christianity is meant for all men.



5. Thousands of Brahmins became converts of this Jesuit who was identified with them in their own ways.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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